WEDDINGS COME EVERY DAY.

FIVE NEW YORK BRIDES WHOM THE NOVEM-BER SUN SHINES ON.

One Wedding at High Noon, Another at 3 O'Clock and the Rest in the Evening-Who the Brides and Grooms Are, Who Will Marry Them and Where Some of



change is shown in in modern weddings which go on in the same fashion that they have for years. The only change is in the faces that come before the altar. A very large wedding to-day will be that of Mr. John White Alexander and Miss Elizabeth Swan Williamson Alexander, daughter of James W. Alexander, Vice-Presi-

dent of the Equitable Insurance Company. They will be married at 3 P. M. by the Rev. Tiffany in Zion Church. Dr. Abbe will

be the best man, and Messrs, William Alexer, an uncle of the bride, whose marriage ith Miss Paddock takes place next Wedneslay; Henry M. Alexander, jr., a bother; Dr. sel Alexander and Maitland Alexander. cousins, will be the ushers. Miss Caroae Hoe, Miss Lily Wood, Miss Fannie and Miss Palmer will be the maids. The wedding gown of heavy silk will have a V-shaped ge and front draperies of point lace. The veil will be tulle and the ornaments She will carry a bunch of roses The bridesmaids will be alike in white satin, walking length, V corsages, with over-tulle draperies, and diamond pins, the rifts of the bride. They will carry pink chrysenthemums. The bride will be given away by her father. The reception following the ceremony will be at the home of the bride's parents, 50 West Fifty-fourth street. The guests will include Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Roosevelt, Mr. H. Victor Newcomb, Mr. and Mrs. H. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Steckler, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Taylor Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Dr. and Mrs. Tiffany, Mr. and Mrs. R. Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. R. Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Olyphants Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, Mr. George E. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Olyphants Dr. and Mrs. P. Morgan, Mr. H. M. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Steele, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Auchineloss, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Dr. and Mrs. William Wheelock, Mr. and Mrs. William Wheelock, Mr. and Mrs. William Wheelock, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dodge, Mrs. Millbank, Mr. James W. Alexander, Mrs. Millsank, Mr. James W. Alexander, Mr. William E. Eggleston, Mr. Henry M. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. John J. McCook, Mrs. William E. Eggleston, Mr. Henry M. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stevens, Mrs. Henry Draper, Mrs. Charles M. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. George Wood, Miss M. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. George Wood, Miss sway by her father. The reception following

E. Eggleston, Mr. Henry M. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stevens, Mrs. Henry Draper, Mrs. Charles M. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. George Wood, Miss Mary Palmer, Mrs. Tabor, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rhoades, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benson and Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan.

The marriage of Mr. Clarence H. Eagle, son of the late Commodore Eagle, of the United States Navy, and Miss Elizabeth Matilia Ketcham, daughter of Enoch Ketcham, will take place at 7.30 o'clock this evaning at the home of the bride, I East Thirty-fifth street. The Rev. Marone R. Vincent, of the Church of the Covenant, will officiate. The bride will be given away by her father. Mr. U. T. Lawrence will be the best man. Messrs. E. F. Webb, F. Roosewelt, A. F. Schermerhorn and Vincent Loeser will be the ushers. Two little nephews of the bride, Bertie Sprague and Ketcham Sprague, and two neices of the groom, Miss Edith Messenger and Miss Dalsy Messenger, will precede the bride and groom. The bride will wear a heavy white satin, with train and V-shaped corsage, the whole trimmed with Duchesse lace and diamond-synaments and tulle veil. She will carry a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bride and groom, upon their return from their wedding tour, will receive on Tuesdays in January and Febuary at 1 East Thirty-fifth street.

The nuptials of Mr. Ernest Henry Jackson, of Brooklyn, and Miss Frances Gould, daughter of Robert S. Gould, jr., of Newark, and granddaughter of Samuel S. Doughty, were celebrated at noon to-day, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. The Rev. D. Parker Morgan was assisted by a full surplice choir in the services. Mr. Walter D. McCoy was the best man. Mr. N. Perry Howell, Mr. Henry N. Darcy, both of Newark; Mr. Horace Sellers, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Joseph Andrews, of this city, were the ushers. There were no bridesmaids. The bride was given away by her father. She wore a white moire gown, with high corsage and trimmings of Valenciennes lace. She wore a bewell as white velvet prayer-book mounted in

Bise carried a white velvet prayer-book mounted in silver. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the Brunswick.

The marriage of Mr. Edwin A. Richards and Miss Alice B. Moore, daughter of Mr. V. Mumford Moore, will take place this evening at 80 clock at St. Thomas's Church. The Rev. Dr. Morgan will officiate. There will be six ushers, Mr. H. V. Keep, Dr. G. B. Dowling, Mr. Charles Debosh, Mr. Herbert Taylor, Mr. F. R. Howes and Mr. D. W. C. Falls, ir. The bridesmaids will be Miss Elvine Richards, a sister of the groom, Miss Margusrite Moore, a sister of the bride, Miss Debosh and Miss Marie Douglas. The bride's father will give her away. The bride will wear a gown of heavy white gros grain, with long train and front embroidered with silver. The V-corsage will be worked with silver and the whole trimmed with point lace. The voil will be tulle. She will carry a kid prayer-book. The bridesmaids will be alike in white grostrain silk, walking length, with full overdraperies of embroidered Swiss and knots and sashes of moss-green ribbon. They will carry baskets of pink roses. There will be no reception, the bride and groom starting immediately on a Southern tour.

The weading of Mr. Felix Pfretzschner and Miss Ida Palemberg will take place at 7 o'clock this evening at the Church of the Emanuel. The Rev. Dr. Halfmann will of ficiate. Mr. Charles E. Meier will be the best man. Miss Rita Beck will be the best man. Miss Rita Beck will be the best man diss Anna Kauffelt the bridesmaids. The bride will wear white faille Français with long train, V-corsage and draperies and trimmings of point lace, the veil will be wedding a reception will be held at Lieder-kranz Hall. Among the guests will be Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Palenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Helderkranz Hall. Among the guests will be Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Palenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Hoert Foker, Mr. and Mrs. Hoert Foker, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph liss, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph liss, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph liss, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph liss. Mr. and Mrs. Hoert Foker, Mrs. Ida Peterson,

THE CRUCIFIED HAND.

A Wierd Tale of Retributive Justice in Early War Times.

(From the Balifmore Herald.) Beside the road leading from the tertile " Neck' of Tuckahoe, in Caroline County, stands a huge poplar tree, with wide-spreading branches, at a distance of four miles from the county seat, Denton. A " worm fence " of oak ralls, built in the primitive style peculiar to that section, passes close behind the tree, the boughs of which project clear across the sandy highway and even beyond the fence which bounds it on the other side. for its larger size and evident age, this stately type of the English forests would hardly attract a greater share of attention than many others

type of the English forests would hardly attract a greater share of attention than many others which, like watchful sentinets, stand guard over the "Neck" roadways.

But at a distance of a few feet from the ground the observer aces a big nail, rust-eaten, and almost of the same color as the seamy bark into which it is driven. Look closely at the shape of the bark which surrounds it, and you will perceive the form of a human hand! An indelible impression it is, with the iron spike driven straight through the centre!

In the summer of one of the first years of the war, while the simple-minded farmers, who were little disturbed by the great struggle for the Union, were living out their quiet, uneventful careers, a tragedy occurred which created a greater sensation than has ever before or since stirred the feelings of the staid farmers of Caroline. A charming little girl, the daughter of one of the widest-known and best respected citizons of the county, failed to return one day from the unpretentious wooden school-house a short distance from her home, which see attended. The anxioms parents, aided by their kindly neighbors, searched for the missing girl during the hight, but no trace of her was discovered. At daylight, with an increased force, the search was renewed, and during the day the lifeless form of the little one was found in the vicinity of a thicket of pines not far from her home, with the weight of a panel of the rule rail fence of the period resting upon her delicate neck. It was evident that both outrage and murder had been at most high that been at work in the thicket when the little girl passed on her way home from school. The frail dinner-pail she had carried and her bundle of books were found not far from the scene of the crime. Sheriff Sanisbury assumed charge of the prisoner and lodged him in Denton jail. But he was never tried for the crime. A night or two after the interceration of Wison a cavalcade of armed men rode into town. They

carried and her bundle of books were found not far from the scene of the prisoner and lodged him in Denton jail. But he was never tried for the crime. A night of two after the incarecration of Wilson a cavalcade of armed men rode into town. They dismounted, having tethered their horses to the fence inclosing the public square, in which was situated the court-house and jail. A log of wood was procured, and in an orderly, compact body the men marched to the jail. Not a word issued from a single throat save the leader's. In grim silence, with patient determination, fifty neighbors of the sorrowing father and of the heart-broken mother of the pure young innocent whose promising life had been snapped by the infamous wretch at that moment lying in a cell in the square brick building before them gathered in front of the door with the log like a battering-ram suspended above their shoulders. At the word of command they rushed forward, breaking down the jail door with a frightful crash. The prisoner, in the rear cell on the top foor, heard them coming and began to pray and beg for mercy. Axes were quickly brought and the cell door cut open. To this day the same door, bearing the marks and cuts of that eventful night, is used in the crazy old jail. A rope was placed about the neck of the miserable wretch, and fifty hands from the outside jerked the criminal headlong down the narrow stairs. The lynchers yelled and whooped in wild exultation, while the shrinking wretch prayed fervently and fast. Determined to make the punishment fit the crime, the mob placed a noose aronnel Wilson's neck and tied the other cut of the rope to an axle connecting two cart-wheels. Horses were attached to a shaft fitted to the axle and through the streets of the quiet town the doomed man was dragged. Behind followed the mob on horseback, guiting their revenge in seeing the fellow compelled to race at his utmost speed to prevent himself being choked, and even then half the time being pulled over the ground at his full termination locked themselv

jail.

As the butchers dismembered the bullet-riddled As the outeners dismembered the build-riddled corpse one of the rioters, half-drunken, obtained the right hand. On his way home in the early morning he nalled the ghastly object to the tree, where it remained for I know not how long. And since that night a legend is current among the dwellers in the countryside that the ghost of the dwellers in the countryside that the ghost of the lynched man, full formed save the absence of the right hand, haunts the vicinity of the gigantic poplar in a vain search after the missing member. I have met people who assured me that, in the lonely watches of summer nights, they had personally come into contact with his maiformed and forlorn Ghostship. But whether this be really so I know not.

How the Condemned Anarchists Look.

[Chicage Letter to Quincy (III.) Whig.] Here, in arm's reach, is the scaffold corner, from whence but lately the souls of three Italians together, went out into the hereafter; just down below us, coming at a four-mile gait are Fielden, below us, coming at a four-mile gait are Fielden, Sples and Schwab abreast, filling to the utmost the hour of exercise alloted them. A glance at Schwab, pale, spectacled, black-bearded, tall, silm, spider-legged, shows you "Karl Schurz, by Nast." Spies, well built, medium heighth, light complexioned, good looking, manly in his bearing, with his head upraised as though proud of his young past, has a German cast of featurs, yet far less handsome than many of his countrymen in quincy. Fielden is a solid built, heavily bearded German, evidently always ready for anything the coming hour may bring, be it victory or defeat. They suddenly disappear behind the double tier of ceils—we follow. On the inside of the heavy iron cage, itself covered with a closely woven wire netting, sits Engel, looking much like an honest, well-to-do, middle-aged mechanic, who would find no time for anything but his daily work and the society of the pale, little, all motherly-looking wife, who sat with her cheek pressed to the opposite side of the cruel iron; a few feet further on sat Parsons, the cranklest, most defant looking of them all, and as we notice the large dowdyshn negress, his wife, who seemingly enjoys her surroundings, the unpleasant impression Parsons has made increases. There, at the corner, standing as none of the others do, is a tail, diantily formed girl, with a face so sweet and pure and expressive, so devoid of sensuality and sensationalism, our fist closes and our muscles harden as comes the desire to knock down the good-looking German who has "voudooed" Nina Van Zandt. One can but feel deepest indignation, while thus surrounded, towards the parents who would allow such a daughter, with such relationships and prospects, to be thus sarrificed, and our lips whispered a hope that they and Spits may yet have to pay in some manner for the injury done this girl. Sples and Schwab abreast, filling to the utmost the

A Real Amazon.

[From Figure.]
People just now in Constantinople are interested in the presence among them of Kara Fatma, the redoubtable female warrior of Kurdistan, who is paying a brief visit to the Turkish capital. Her deeds of prowess date back to the beginning of the Crimean war, when she led a large body of the Crimean war, when she led a large body of Kurdish volunteers, who fought with singular daring for Turkey. The Ottoman Government remembers her services and requites these by a monthly pension of 5,000 plastree, a sum that in her own frugal home allows her to be at ease. She is tall, thin, with a brown, halok-like face; her cheeks are the color of parchment and seamed with scars. Wearing the national dress of the sterner sex, she looks like a man of forty, not like a woman who will never again see seventy-five. Slung across her shoulders in Cossack fashion is her long sabre, with its jewelled hit. Decorations shipe and sparkle on her breast, while the stripes on her sleeves show her to hold the rank of a captain in the Imperial Ottoman Army.

"I see by the papers," said the blind man at the street corner, "that a cold wave is coming." "So I've heard," responded the deaf and dumb mar, as he hastily readjusted his painted tin sign and assumed an expression of intense gloom, while despairing strains from the bilind man's consumptive organ equin smote the air as a group of passengers from a newly arrived train came in sight.

A NOTABLE "FIRST NIGHT."

MR. FEOHMAN'S STOCK COMPANY OPEN IN "THE WIPE"

Both Play and Players Score a Success at the Lyceum-A New Burleague Given at Dockstader's - The Disapproval of Mr. Kyrle Bellew is Incurred by Mrs. Potter,



UCH importance was attached to the " first night" of "The Wife" at the Lyceum Theatre last evening, as it gave to New York a new _stock company and one of such excellence throughout that it need acknowledge no superior either at the Madison Square or at Daly's theatres. Mr. Frohman's company includes Miss Georgia Cayvan, one of the cleverest little ladies

Whiffen, the Adonisian Kelcey, Mrs. Henry Miller and W. J. Le Moyne. Wife," by Belasco and De delightfully written comedy, which will undoubtedly be a great success. It deals with the history of a young woman who married one man while loving another, but who, of course, directs her neart rightly before the curtain falls. This may sound trite, but the handling of the subject is by no means so conventional. In 'The Wife," there is a comedy element which alone would be sufficient to make the play a success. Miss Georgie Cayvan and Miss Louise Dillon shared the honors. Miss Cayvan in the scene with Kelcey when she confesses to him that she still loves the man she didn't marry loves the man she didn't marry could not have been surpassed by any one—not even by Mrs. Agnes Booth. Miss Dillon, as an ingenious girl "coming out," provoked applause whenever she appeared. Miss Grace Henderson, if she could only forget that she is beautiful, might one of these days become a good actress, but her poses are fatiguing, and her peacock-like strut simply awe-inspiring. Herbert Kelcey, as the husband, was wonderfully effective, while Mr. Miller as the wrongfully loved one was vigorous and sympathetic.

Dockstader's new burlesque, entitled "Mrs. Blotter" in "Mlle. de Brass Ear," was very well received last night. Mr. Dockstader was Curly Bellows and Mr. Shepard Mrs. Blotter. Two hundred and fifty New England grocers or thereabouts were in the audience and laughed at jokes which Dockstader got up for their benefit.

At a rehearsal of "Mile. de Bressier" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre the other day Mrs. James Brown Potter incurred the stern dis-approval of Mr. Kyrle Bellew. Mrs. Potter had to lift her hands above her head and exclaim, "Oh, remember your mother," or some equally original sentiment, Mrs. Potter lifted her hands in the most awkward fashion lifted her hands in the most awkward fashion and separated her fingers as though they were claws. Then Mr. Bellew frowned and advanced upon the lady. "Close your fingers, please, Mrs. Potter," he said, as mildly as possible. The lady did not understand. She lifted her hands again. Once more the fingers were separated. This time Mr. Bellew went up to her, took her hands, deliberately placed each finger in the right place and retired.

Mr. Abbey is highly pleased with the success o "Caste' at Wallack's. He is not lifle, however and rehearsals of "School" have begun.

Mrs. Longshore-Potts, M. D., delivered her first ecture at Chickering Hall hast evening. She made in earnest plea for a more general diffusion of obystological knowledge.

Herr Heinrich Boetei appeared as Chapelon in "The Postillion of Lonjameau" at the Thalia Theatre last night. The house was crowded, and Herr Boete's high tenor delighted the audience. His high C was greatly appreciated. His night C was greatly appreciated.

Rehearsals of "Dorothy" at the Standard Theatre are progressing rapidly. H. J. Leslie, the English manager, who came over to superintend the production in conjunction with the author and composer, thinks that Miss Russell and Mr. Oudin will make artistic successes of their parts.

will make artistic successes of their parts.

Manager Paimer will present a version of D'Ennery's play, "La Martyre," at the Madison Square Theatre on Nov. 10. The cast will include Messers. Stoddart, Savini, Pitt, Massen, Holland, Flockton, Davidge and Findlay, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Madison and Miss Russell. Among these familiar names, that of Mr. Stoddart is especially noticeable. This actor has not appeared in a regular production in New York for nearly two years. Miss Madison and Miss Russell will also doubtless be welcomed back by their many admirers.

A Healthy Dose of Ple.

(From the Calcago Herald.)
Sam Raymond and Fred Stanley, the one s popular tea broker and member of the Union Club, and the other a member of the Board of Trade, were at Fox Lake last week at the shooting club there. Getting very hungry one night at an unseasonable hour, they sent a boy in their service after provender. He returned after a lonesome search with a pie—a mince pie. He'd found it, after a search high and low, under a stove in the cellar. The Chicago men set upon it without ado, and swallowed it all. Very early in the morning the servants hurried down in the cellar and looked under the stove to see how that pie had fared. They'd put "Rough on Rats" in it, and hoped to see some result from it. The pie, dish and all, were gone; they at once became alarmed for the hunting dogs. A search proved that the dogs were all right. A little further search, however, showed that the two men upstairs were all wrong. If they'd ate a little less they'd probably not be alive to enjoy the story on themselves. They had taken so much pie and so much rat polson that they are still alive to tell about it. seasonable hour, they sent a boy in their service

[From the Chicago Tribune.] Miss How]ames—You are not addicted to the use of ardent spirits, are you, Mr. Grimshaw?

Mr. Grimshaw-No; I never drink anything stronger than beer. I-Miss Howjames-Do you mean to say you drink

Mr. Grimshaw—I'm not speaking of the kind of beer they keep here in Boston, of course. That isn't even fit for an Anarchist. But Milwankee beer! You just ought to see me when I'm at home—
Miss Howjames (freezingly)—That will do, Mr.
Grimshaw. Our acquaintance, sir, is at an end.
When you call again the servants will be instructed
to say I am not at home.
Mr. Grimshaw—Suffering Moses! Don't you like

Mr. Grimshaw—Sheeting all the beer?
Miss Howjames—I detest it, sir.
Mr. Grimshaw—Then you needn't give the servants any instructions. I'll not call again. Great Christopher! What a narrow escape I've had!

Evening, ma'am.

A Clergyman Insane in Church.

[Prom the Westfield (Ill.) Pulledium.]

J. R. Young, a regularly ordained Methodist minister, was appointed at last conference to the Westfield and Casey churches. He moved to Westfield week before last, and on last Sunday suddenly became insane. He used shocking language towards those in attendance and started language towards those in attendance and started in to clean out the whole congregation. He was simily secured and placed in a wagon and brought down to Marshall by Constable Lee, Oscar and John Vanscoyk and Will Biggs, arriving about noon. Young was confued in juil to await examination. It is said that he is subject to such spells when under great religious excitement, but this is the most violent one he ever had. His wife is also thought to be of unsound mind. When told of her husband's actions she merely shrugged her shoulders and said: "It is the influence of the Lord exerted over him." OUR ANCIENT PEOPLES.

Mound-Builders. [From the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Oct. 20.]

Prof. F. W. Putnam, Curator of Peabody Mu-

seum, at Cambridge, Mass., and perhaps the mos thed archæologist in America, lectured before the Western Reserve Historical Society last vening in the Board of Education rooms, on the Mounds and Mound-Builders of Ohlo," Prof. Putnam has spent the past two months in explorng the great scrpent mound in Adams County After being introduced to the audience by Prof. Elroy M. Avery, of this city, he began his fecture

on the New York stage: Grace Henderson, Mrs. Charles Walcott,

with a word about the ancient people in America.

"There were, 'sain the speaker, 'four great antique races on this continent, or the people, if of one race, show a greater diversity han any other on earth. For instance, we found in one ward on the carty. For instance, we found in one ward on the carty of the carty

A Turkey Saved His Life,

[From the Gilroy Valley (Cul.) Record.]
On the morning of Sunday, the 9th, Nell O'Brian's ittle boy, while putting on an undershirt at his home near Sargents, was bitten four times by large tarantula, which was concealed in one of the sleeves of the garment, before he could dives himself of it and kill the wrathsome thing. His father rushing to him on hearing his outery, took in the situation at a gisnee, and never was turkey killed quicker than one of O'Brian's. The bird was ripped open in the stomach and laid, entrails and all, on the child's arm, and plenieous doses of whiskey administered at the time and during the drive to town for medical assistance. The doctor pronounced the treatment as the very best, and by its prompiness had probably saved the boy's life. Mr. O'Brian informed us that when the turkey was taken from the arm the flesh of the bird had become quite black and hard from the absorbed poison. A chicken was afterwards served the same way and applied, but the flesh of it remained white and soft, proving conclusively that the drst application had sufficed to extract the venom injected by the tarantula's fangs. The boy, with the exception of a slight cruption, is now thoroughly well and attending school. It is a good thing to remember that for the extration of poison from a bite or sting of venomous reptiles, the prompt application of raw and still warm flesh is almost an antidote, coupled with free use internally of alcoholic stimulants. himself of it and kill the wrathsome thing. His

French Pilgrims in Rome.

[Rome Despatch to the London Daily News.]

The Pope to-day received 1,600 French pilgrims belonging chiefly to the laboring classes, who arrived here on Friday last in order to congratulate His Holiness upon his approaching jubilee. They were headed by the Comte de Mun, who read an address, in reply to which the Pope declared that the Church had always contributed to ameliorating the lot of the working classes. While considering that the present condition of society demanded the intervention of the State for the advancement of the material interests of workingmen and their families, His Holiness adjured the pilgrims to turn a deaf ear to delusive incitation, in order that they might not suffer the pain of bitter deception. His Holiness concluded by pronouncing the benediction upon the workingmen, their masters, and their families, and upon the work of Catholic communities in France. No allusion was made by the Pope to his jubilee or to the Roman question. The speech was received in respectful silence by the pilgrims, all acclamation having been prohibited by the organizers of the pilgrimage. were headed by the Comte de Mun, who read an

Why the Chapel Royal was Closed.

[From London Fruit.]
After having been closed for more than two months, the Chapel Royal, St. James's palace, was reopened for service last week. The Queen did not approve of the chape being closed so carly or for so long a period and an explanation was demanded, which produced an infimation that "the choir boys are suffering from the ring-worm." I wonder whether any parish church was ever closed for such a reason. The staff of this chape! consists of a dean, a sub-dean, a clerk of the closet, 5 deputy clerks of the closet, 56 chaplains it honorary chaplains, 9 priests, 8 "gentlemen singers," 10 "children of the Chapel Royal" (i. e., choir boys), an organist, a sergeant of the vestry, a deputy sergeant, a groom of the vestry, a master of the "children" and several minor functionaries. The maintenance of the chapel costs nearly £6,000 a year, and the Queen has not entered it for more than twenty-six years. There is a somewhat similar staff at the Whitehall Chapel, which has also been closed for six weeks. reopened for service last week. The Queen did

Sure to Be Read.

[From the Fonker Statesman.]

"I should really like to write something that

would be iread after I am dead," said a literary man who had had little success with his recently mail who had had had been published works.

'Well, what's the matter with your writing your will?" replied a friend.

'I'll see that it is read after you are gone."

[From the Bartlagton Free Press.]
"I understand that Robinson, the big cigar manufacturer, owns a farm. Isn't that a rather

THE KIOWA MEDICINE DANCE.

the Indian Brave Goes to Work to Win the Great Spirit's Favor.

Anudarko (I. T.) Letter to the Courier-Journal. invitation of Sun Boy, the chief of the Klowas, I recently attended, with three other pale faces. the great medicine dance of that warlike tribe. The place selected for the dance was forty miles west of this place, on Rainy Mountain Creek, a tributary of the Washita River. The place was well chosen, with just timber enough for shelter, good grass and springs to supply drinking water. The Klowas formerly participated in this dance annually, but owing to the scarcity of buffalo they have only had two in the past five years. One buffsio at least is essential to the medicine dance, and they had to go 500 miles and pay \$100 cash to obtain one for this dance. It was just sunset when our party arrived. A place was pointed out for us by one of the chiefs, our tepec erected, our horness staked to grass and our water-kegs filled. All of this work was done by squaws. We were invited to supper, and to our surprise were seated on the ground to a sumptuous repeat, of which we showed our appreciation in a very decided manner. One of our party could taik Klowa, so we got their programme, and, being weary from our day's travel, turned in and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. We were saft by daylight next morning, and after a hearty breakfast of beef and coffee, but no bread, we proceeded to take in the sights. btain one for this dance. It was just sunset

morning, and after a hearty breakfast of beef and coffee, but no bread, we proceeded to take in the sights.

The encampment consisted of 800 lodges arranged in a circue about one and a half miles in circumference. In the center of this circle the medicine lodge was erected. It was a circle 160 feet in circumference, with poles set in the ground about four feet apart, and green brush interwoven so talck that one could not see through it. In the centre was a pole about forty feet in height, on which the buffalo hide was suspended; on the west side was placed the idol they worship, which was a figure cut from stone, about thirteen inches high, resembling somewhat a nummy. On either side of the idol was a cone-shaped pile of sand, with a small opening at the top, from which issued continually a very black smoke from one side and a blue smoke from the other. How this smoke was generated is beyond my ken. On the east side of the idol as he lifted his head above the eastern horizon. The dog soldiers were dancing. The dog Indian is one who dances four days and nights without sleep. If faithful, he is honored among his people. The buffalo dancers come next on the pro-rauma. They dance four days and nights without sleep. If faithful, he is honored among his people, in small quantities. They, if faithful are honored by the Great Spirit. The dog soldiers had been dancing three days when we strived, but one day of this was enough for us. They danced until, from sheer exhaustion, they would fail to the ground, when they would be caught up by two or three staiwart bucks and carried to a hole of wet sand and mud and rolled therein until they returned to consciousness, when they would again participate in the dance.

Any one of the tribe that felt religiously inclined and rolled therein until they returned to consciousness, when they would again participate in the dance.

and mud and rolled therein until they returned to consciousness, when they would again participate in the dance.

Any one of the tribe that felt religiously inclined and that they would prove faithful, could enter the dance, squaws excepted. We were not allowed to enter the medicine lodge until we were drossed a la mode, that is, with a sheet and moocasins on any hats off, then we were treated as their equals. The denoers were cled in sack cloth and ashes. They work themselves into a high size of excitement, singing, praying and dancing. Some of them would be crasy for hours at a time. It revived in our minus the Bibble stories of olden times. On the evening of the fourth day after our arrival, It-mu-da, the medicine chief, declared that the Great Spirit wore a smile, and the dance that had lasted 240 consecutive hours was brought to a close, the beating of the tom-toms having never ceased during the entire performance. Then the donations to the Great Spirit began, but as our time was limited we did not stay to see the finale, but there are thousands of dollars' worth of fine shawls, blankets, inoccasins, robes, &c. deposited in a pile to decay.

The Mexican Mission.

The Mexican Mission. [Mexico Letter to Manchester Union, T In this connection it may be mentioned that very grave difficulty is apprehended in the appoint Manning as United States Minister to Mexico. It seems that President Cleveland is bound by a promise to Mr. Thomas B. Connery, secretary of the American legation in the City of Mexico, to raise him (Connery) to the position of Minister, in the event of Mr. Manning's promised resignation. Connery is one of the most earnest Catholics, carrying his religious devotion so far that it is said he refused to speak to his brother for weeks on account of some difference of opinion which arose between them in discussing the tenets of their faith. What diplomatic complications may ensue in the event of such a man being made the representative of American interests here, none can foresee. The Church party being at present actively engaged in fermenting a strong sentiment against President Diaz, it is doubtful if his administration would welcome very cordially a Minister whose religious bias is so strongly on the side of the opposition. Now that the Liberal party have determined that Diaz shall be his own successor, though the constitution must be changed tablow it and the Church faction. It seems that President Cleveland is bound by nave determined that plaz shall be his own successor, though the constitution must be changed to allow it, and the Church faction, as well as a great number of anti-Catholics, are equally determined that he shall not be re-elected a complication is presented by no means encouraging to a diplomat who is not committed to one side or the other, as is Mr. Connery.

The Pride of the South,

[From the Rome (Ga.) Tribune.] In all this broad Republic, which now clasps in its strong arms the solid South forever, there is no sweeter type of cordial, gracious womanhood than Winnie Davis, "the daughter of the Confederacy,"



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A good deal of talk is indulged in by American

newspapers over the story that a son of Mr. Glad stone is selling the chips which the statesman woodchopper hews off his frees at home. This is thought by most of those who comment upon it to be a very queer proceeding for a public man. Yet it would not be hazardous to say that many public meh in this country are not entirely ignorant of the practice of seiting onlys for cash.

His Jewel. [From the Washington Critic.]
He said she was he jewel, then
He paused, quite sad and pensive,
He realized with other men
That jewels are expensive,



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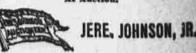


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